



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

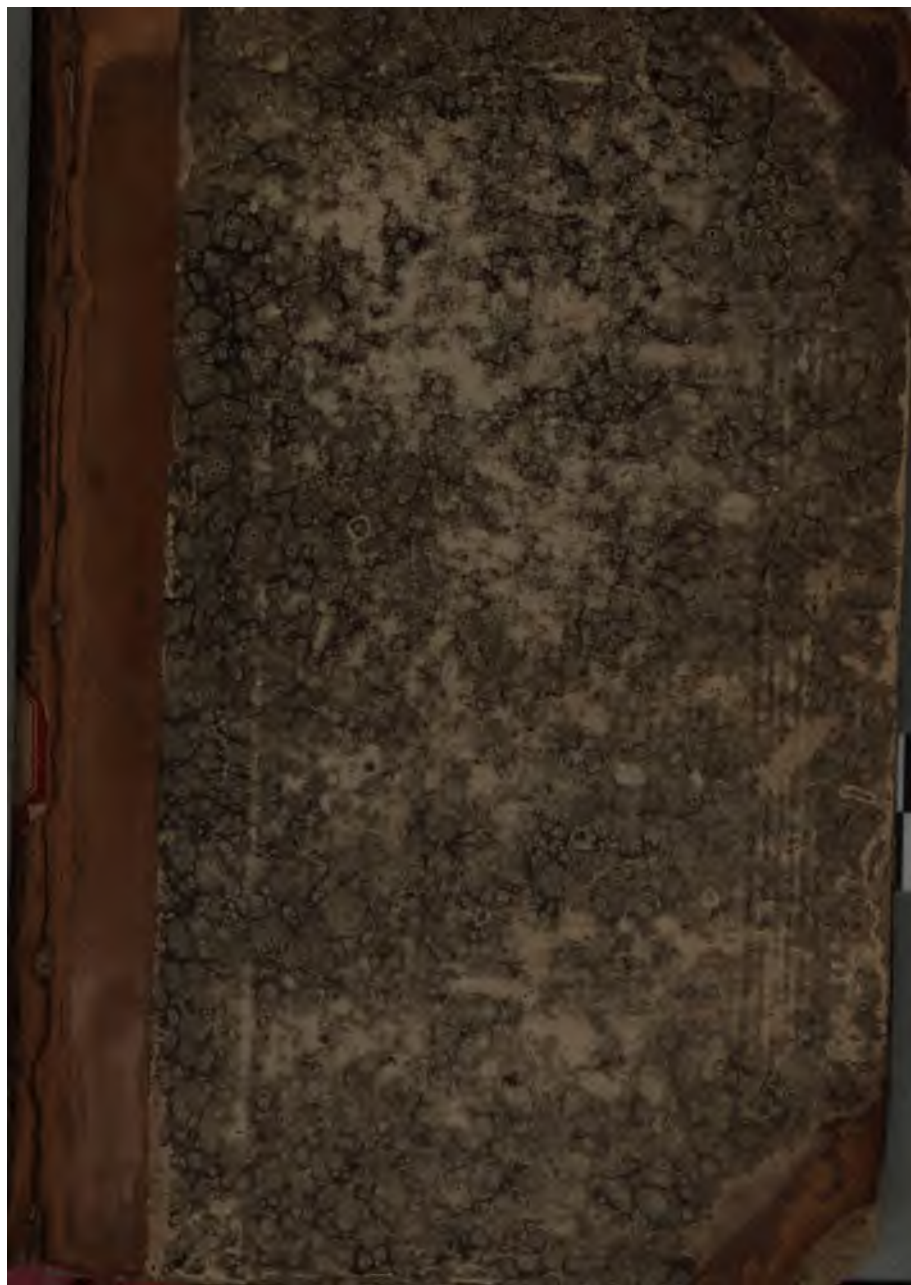
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



42.7

17494.18.5 B. Sept. 1853.



The Gift of
Mr. Sam^l. A. Green,
of Groton,
Mass.

Recd. Apr. 27,
1853.







30

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

2887-1011-000000

PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

©

HOURS OF IDLENESS;

SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

A MINOR.

PARIS.

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI.

AT THE FRENCH, ENGLISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND SPANISH LIBRARY,
N^o. 18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1822.

~~17494.54~~

17494.18.5

13-1-54 27
17494

name of person

John Doe

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Edition is reprinted from the second English one, as the latter contains several Poems not comprised in the first.—To it is subjoined the Critique of the Edinburgh Review, which gave rise to his Lordship's Poem entitled “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.”

CONTENTS.

	Page
On leaving Newstead Abbey.....	5
Epitaph on a Friend.....	8
A Fragment.....	9
The Tear.....	10
An occasional Prologue.....	14
On the Death of Mr. Fox.....	16
Stanzas to a Lady with the Poems of Camoens.....	18
To M.....	19
To Woman.....	21
To M. S. G.....	22
Song.....	24
To ——.....	27
To Mary, on receiving her picture.....	30
Danstatas.....	32
To Marion.....	33
Oscar of Alva.....	36
To the Duke of D.....	56

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

Adrian's Address to his Soul, when dying.....	65
Translation.....	<i>ib.</i>
Translation from Catullus.....	66
Translation of the Epitaph on Virgil and Tibullus.....	67
Translation from Catullus.....	<i>ib.</i>
Imitated from Catullus.....	69

CONTENTS.

	Page
Translation from Anacreon. To his Lyre.....	69
Ode III.....	71
Fragments of School Exercises.....	73
Episode of Nisus and Euryalus.....	74
Translation from the Medea of Euripides.....	93

FUGITIVE PIECES.

Thoughts suggested by a College Examination.....	99
To the Earl of ———.....	103
Granta, a Medley.....	109
Lachin y Gair.....	116
To Romance.....	119
Elegy on Newstead Abbey.....	123
The Death of Colmar and Orla.....	132
To E. N. L. Esq.....	140
To ———.....	145
Stanzas.....	148
Lines written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of Harrow on the Hill.....	151

Critique on Hours of Idleness, extracted from the Edinburgh Review, No. 22, for January, 1808.....	153
--	-----

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

Μήτ' ἄρ' με μάλ' αἶνε, μήτε τι νείκε.

HOMER. *Iliad*, 10.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, etc. etc.

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD, 

AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

POEMS.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Why dost thou build the hall? Son of the winged days!
Thou lookest from thy tower to-day; yet a few years, and the
blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court.

· OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow
winds whistle;

Thou, the hall of my Fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose, which late bloom'd
in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who, proudly, to battle,
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every
blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing
numbers,

Raise a flame in the breast, for the war-laurell'd
wreath ;

Near Askalon's Towers, John of Horistan* slum-
bers,

Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the valley of Cressy ;

For the safety of Edward and England they fell ;

My Fathers! the tears of your country redress ye ;

How you fought ! how you died ! still her
annals can tell.

On Marston,† with Rupert§ 'gainst traitors con-
tending,

Four brothers enrich'd with their blood, the
bleak field ;

* Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the
Byron Family.

† The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of
Charles I. were defeated.

§ Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He
afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

For the rights of a monarch, their country defend-
ing,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant de-
parting
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his Fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with
your own.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Ασπὴν πρὶν μὲν ἑλκμπεῖς ἐνὶ ζῳοῖσιν ἔως.

LAERTIUS.

OH! Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
 What fruitless tears have bathed thy honour'd
 bier!
 What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
 While thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
 Thou still had'st lived, to bless my aching sight,
 Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight.
 If, yet, thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot, where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues there, are seen to weep;

Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet, other offspring soothe his anguish here :
But, who with me shall hold thy former place ?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?
Ah, none ! a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary Friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my Fathers' voice
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice ;
When, poised upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountains's side ;
Oh ! may my shade behold no sculptured urns,
To mark the spot where earth to earth returns :

No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encumber'd stone ;
 My epitaph shall be, my name alone :
 If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,
 Oh ! may no other fame my deeds repay ;
That, only *that*, shall single out the spot,
 By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

 THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
 Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater
 Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

 I.

WHEN Friendship or Love
 Our sympathies move ;
 When Truth, in a glance, should appear,
 The lips may beguile,
 With a dimple or smile,
 But the test of affection's a Tear.

2.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation, or fear ;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear.

3.

Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear ;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

4.

The man, doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer ;
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

5.

The soldier braves death,
For a fanciful wreath,
In Glory's romantic career ;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a Tear.

6.

If, with high-bounding pride,
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear ;
All his toils are repaid,
When, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

7.

Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year ;
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

8.

Though my vows I can pour,
To my Mary no more,
My Mary, to Love once so dear ;
In the shade of her bower,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

9.

By another possesset,
May she live ever blest,
Her name still my heart must revere ;
With a sigh I resign,
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

10.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near ;
If again we shall meet,
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

11.

When my soul wings her flight,
 To the regions of night,
 And my corse shall recline on its bier ;
 As ye pass by the tomb,
 Where my ashes consume,
 Oh ! moisten their dust with a Tear.

12.

May no marble bestow
 The splendour of woe,
 Which the children of vanity rear ;
 No fiction of fame
 Shall blazon my name,
 All I ask, all I wish, is a Tear.

1806.

 AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

*Delivered previous to the performance of " The
 Wheel of Fortune," at a private theatre.*

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age
 Has swept immoral raillery from the stage ;

Since taste has now expunged licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ ;
Since, now, to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's cheek ;
Oh ! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect ;
To night, no Veteran Roscii you behold,
In all the arts of scenic action old ;
No COOKE, no KEMBLE, can salute you here,
No SIDDONS draw the sympathetic tear ;
To night, you throng to witness the debut,
Of embryo Actors, to the drama new.
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we try ;
Clip not our pinions, ere the birds can fly ;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas ! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler, only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise,
But all our Dramatis Personæ wait,
In fond suspense, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward ;

For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze :
Surely, the last will some protection find,
None, to the softer sex, can prove unkind ;
Whilst Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest Censor to the fair must yield.
Yet should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail ;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX,

*The following illiberal Impromptu appeared in a
Morning Paper.*

- “ OUR Nation's foes lament, on Fox's death,
“ But bless the hour when Pitt resign'd his
breath ;
“ These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth unclue,
“ We give the palm where Justice points it due.”

*To which the Author of these Pieces sent the
following Reply.*

OH ! factious viper ! whose envenom'd tooth
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth ;
What, though our " nation's foes " lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great ;
Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the name
Of him, whose meed exists in endless fame ?
When PITT expired, in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscured his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits " war not with the dead."
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave ;
He sunk, an Atlas, bending 'neath the weight
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state ;
When, lo ! a Hercules, in Fox, appear'd ;
Who, for a time, the ruin'd fabric rear'd ;
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied ;
With him, our fast reviving hopes have died :
Not one great people only raise his urn,
All Europe's far extended regions mourn.

“ These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth unclue,
“ To give the palm where Justice points it due ;”
Yet let not canker’d calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox ! o’er whose corse a mourning world must
weep,
Whose dear remains in honour’d marble sleep,
For whom, at last, e’en hostile nations groan,
While friends and foes alike his talents own.
Fox shall, in Britain’s future annals, shine,
Nor e’en to PITT the patriot’s palm resign,
Which Envy, wearing Candour’s sacred mask,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to ask.

STANZAS TO A LADY,

With the Poems of Camoens.

I.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear Girl ! for me thou’lt prize ;
It sings of Love’s enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

2.

Who blames it, but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid ?
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow doom'd to fade.

3.

Then read, dear Girl, with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those ;
To thee in vain I shall not plead,
In pity for the Poet's woes.

4.

He was, in sooth, a genuine bard ;
His was no faint fictitious flame ;
Like his, may love be thy reward,
But not thy hapless fate the same.

TO M —.

1.

Oh ! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright, but mild affection shine ;
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal would be thine.

2.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair :
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

3.

When nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd, that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own.

4.

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret lightning lurk
Within those once celestial eyes.

5.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze ;
Thy beauty must enrapture all,
But who can dare thine ardent gaze ?

6.

'Tis said, that Berenice's hair
In stars adorn the vault of heaven ;
But, they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou would'st so far outshine the seven.

7.

For, did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister lights would scarce appear :
E'en suns, which systems now controul,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN ! experience might have told me,
That all must love thee who behold thee ;
Surely, experience might have taught,
Thy firmest promises are nought ;
But, placed in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh ! Memory ! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing ;

But how much cursed by every lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her !
How throbs the pulse, when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows !
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth !
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,
When, lo ! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
“ Woman ! thy vows are traced in sand.” *

TO M. S. G.

I.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely
forgive,
Extend not your anger to sleep ;
For in visions alone, your affection can live ;
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

* The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

2.

Then, Morpheus ! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign ;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine !

3.

They tell us, that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given ;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of Heaven !

4.

Ah ! frown not, sweet Lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this ;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

5.

Though in visions, sweet Lady, perhaps, you may
smile,
Oh ! think not my penance deficient ;
When dreams of your presence my slumbers be-
guile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

SONG.

I.

WHEN I roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark
heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh! Morven of
Snow,*
To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd be
low,"†
Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in
you?

* Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire: "Gormal of Snow," is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

† This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains: it is by no means uncommon on attaining the top of Ben e vis, Ben y bourd, etc. to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and, occasionally, accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down on the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

2.

Yet, it could not be Love, for I knew not the name ;
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child ;
But, still, I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd wild :
One image, alone, on my bosom imprest,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new ;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blest,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was
with you.

3.

I arose with the dawn ; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along,
I breasted* the billows of *Dee's*† rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song :
At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view,
And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

* “ Breasting the lofty surge.”—SHAKESPEARE.

† The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

4.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,
The mountains are vanish'd, my youth is no
more ;
As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witness'd before.
Ah ! splendour has raised, but embitter'd my lot,
More dear were the scenes which my infancy
knew ;
Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet they are not
forgot,
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

5.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the
sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Col-
bleen ;*
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endear'd the rude
scene ;

* Colbleen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands,
not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

When, haply, some light waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

6.

Yet the day may arrive, when the mountains, once
more,

Shall rise to my sight, in their mantles of snow :
But while these soar above me, unchanged as
before,

Will Mary be there to receive me ? ah, no !
Adieu ! then, ye hills, where my childhood was
bred,

Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu !
No home in the forest shall shelter my head ;
Ah ! Mary, what home could be mine, but with
you ?

TO ———.

I.

OH ! yes, I will own we were dear to each other,
The friendships of childhood, though fleeting,
are true ;

The love which you felt, was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

2.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion,
The attachment of years in a moment expires ;
Like Love too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable
fires.

3.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow ;
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather !
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

4.

No more with Affection shall Memory blending
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace ;
When Pride steels the bosom, the heart is un-
bending,
And what would be Justice appears a disgrace.

5.

However, dear S——, for I still must esteem you,

The few whom I love I can never upbraid,

The chance, which has lost, may in future redeem
you,

Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

6.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,

With me no corroding resentment shall live ;

My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,

That both may be wrong, and that both should
forgive.

7.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my
existence,

If danger demanded, were wholly your own ;

You knew me unalter'd, by years or by distance,

Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

8.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection,

The bond of affection no longer endures ;

Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,

And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

9.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for
ever,

For time and regret will restore you at last ;
To forget our dissention we both should endeavour;
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO MARY,

ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

1.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

2.

Here, I can trace the locks of gold,
Which round thy snowy forehead wave ;
The cheeks, which sprung from Beauty's mould,
The lips, which made me Beauty's slave.

3.

Here, I can trace——ah no ! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

4.

Here I behold its beauteous hue,
But where's the beam so sweetly straying ?
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing.

5.

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me,
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

6.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious, that her image, there,
Held every sense in fast controul.

7.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' time, 'twill cheer ;
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise ;
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

DAMÆTAS.

IN law an infant,* and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy,
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd,
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend ;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child,
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild ;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool,
Old in the world, tho' scarcely broke from school ;
Damætās ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal, when others just begin ;
Even still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl ;

* In Law, every person is an infant, who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And, what was once his bliss, appears his bane.

TO MARION.

MARION! why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?
Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'Tis not love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast;
He in dimpling smiles appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears;
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indifference thrills us.
Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,
Smile, at least, or seem to smile;
Eyes like thine were never meant
To hide their orbs, in dark restraint;

Spite of all, thou fain wouldst say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips,—but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse.
She blushes, curtsies, frowns,—in short she
Dreads, lest the subject should transport me ;
And flying off, in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall therefore say (whate'er
I think is neither here nor there),
Is that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things than sneering ;
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice at least's disinterested ;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flattery free ;
Counsel, like mine, is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others ;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself amongst a dozen.
Marion ! adieu ! oh ! prithee slight not
This warning, though it may delight not ;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing
To those who think remonstrance teasing,

At once I'll tell thee our opinion,
Concerning woman's soft dominion :
Howe'er we gaze with admiration,
On eyes of blue, or lips carnation ;
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us, .
Howe'er those beauties may distract us ;
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love ;
It is not too severe a stricture,
To say they form a pretty picture.
But would'st thou see the secret chain,
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

OSCAR OF ALVA.*

A TALE.

I.

How sweetly shines, through azure skies,
The lamp of Heaven on Lora's shore ;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

2.

But, often has yon rolling moon,
On Alva's casques of silver play'd,
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

3.

And, on the crimson'd rock's beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She saw the gasping warrior low.

* The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronymo and Lorenzo," in the first volume of "The Armenian, or Ghost-Seer;" it also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."

4.

While many an eye, which ne'er again
 Could mark the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
 Beheld in death her fading ray.

5.

Once, to those eyes the lamp of Love,
 They blest her dear propitious light :
But, now, she glimmer'd from above,
 A sad funereal torch of night.

6.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
 And gray her towers are seen afar ;
No more her heroes urge the chase,
 Or roll the crimson tide of war.

7.

But, who was last of Alva's clan ?
 Why grows the moss on Alva's stone ?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
 They echo to the gale alone.

8.

And, when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall,
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

9.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave ;
But there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

10.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born ;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth,
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

11.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The Pibroch raised its piercing note,
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

12.

And they who heard the war notes wild,
Hoped that, one day, the Pibroch's strain
Should play before the Hero's child,
While he should lead the Tartan train.

13.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son,
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

14.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind,
The boys in childhood chased the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

15.

But, ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war ;
They lightly wield the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

16.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it streamed along the gale ;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

17.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth ;
Allan had early learn'd controul,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

18.

Both, both were brave ; the Saxon spear
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel ;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel.

19.

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell ;
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

20.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arrived a young and noble dame ;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came :

21.

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smiled ;
It soothed the father's feudal pride,
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

22.

Hark ! to the Pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark ! to the swelling nuptial song ;
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

23.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes,
Assembled wave in Alva's hall ;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

24.

It is not war their aid demands,
The Pibroch plays the song of peace ;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

25.

But where is Oscar ? sure 'tis late :
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame ?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

26.

At length young Allan join'd the bride,
“ Why comes not Oscar ? ” Angus said ;
“ Is he not here ? ” the Youth replied,
“ With me he roved not o'er the glade.

27.

“ Perchance, forgetful of the day,
“ 'Tis his to chase the bounding roe ;
“ Or Ocean's waves prolong his stay,
“ Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow.”

28.

“ Oh ! no ! ” the anguish’d Sire rejoin’d,
“ Nor chase, nor wave my Boy delay ;
“ Would he to Mora seem unkind ?
“ Would aught to her impede his way ?

29.

“ Oh ! search, ye Chiefs ! oh ! search around !
“ Allan, with these, through Alva fly,
“ Till Oscar, till my son is found ;
“ Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply.”

30.

All is confusion,—through the vale,
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murmuring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings.

31.

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain ;
It sounds through morning’s misty light,
But Oscar comes not o’er the plain.

32.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave ;
Then hope is lost in boundless grief,
His locks in gray torn ringlets wave.

33.

“ Oscar ! my Son !—Thou God of Heaven !
“ Restore the prop of sinking age ;
“ Or, if that hope no more is given,
“ Yield his assassin to my rage.

34.

“ Yes, on some desert rocky shore,
“ My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie ;
“ Then grant, thou God ! I ask no more,
“ With him his frantic Sire may die.

35.

“ Yet, he may live,—away despair ;
“ Be calm, my soul ! he yet may live ;
“ T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear ;
“ O God ! my impious prayer forgive.

36.

“ What, if he live for me no more,
“ I sink forgotten in the dust,
“ The hope of Alva’s age is o’er ;
“ Alas ! can pangs like these be just ? ”

37.

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe,
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

38.

For, still, some latent hope survived,
That Oscar might once more appear ;
His hope now droop’d, and now revived,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

39.

Days roll’d along, the orb of light
Again had run his destined race ;
No Oscar bless’d his Father’s sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

40.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And, now, his father's only joy:
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

41.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allan's face was wondrous fair;
If Oscar lived, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.'

42.

And Angus said, if one year more
In fruitless hope was pass'd away,
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

43.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last,
Arrived the dearly destined morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the Lover's cheeks adorn!

44.

Hark to the Pibroch's pleasing note !

Hark to the swelling nuptial song !

In joyous strains the voices float,

And still the choral peal prolong.

45.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,

Throng through the gate of Alva's hall ;

The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,

And all their former joy recal.

46.

But, who is he, whose darken'd brow

Glooms in the midst of general mirth ?

Before his eye's far fiercer glow

The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

47.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,

And tall his plume of gory red ;

His voice is like the rising storm,

But light and trackless is his tread.

48.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaft ;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

49.

Sudden the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamorous crowd are hush'd ;
And Augus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

50.

“ Old man ! ” he cried, “ this pledge is done,
“ Thou saw'st 'twas duly drank by me,
“ It hail'd the nuptials of thy son ;
“ Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

51.

“ While all around is mirth and joy,
“ To bless thy Allan's happy lot ;
“ Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy ?
“ Say, why should Oscar be forgot ? ”

52.

- “ Alas ! ” the hapless Sire replied,
The big tear starting as he spoke ;
“ When Oscar left my hall, or died,
“ This aged heart was almost broke.

53.

- “ Thrice has the earth revolved her course,
“ Since Oscar’s form has blest my sight ;
“ And Allan is my last resource,
“ Since martial Oscar’s death, or flight.”

54.

- “ ’Tis well,” replied the Stranger stern,
And fiercely flash’d his rolling eye ;
“ Thy Oscar’s fate I fain would learn ;
“ Perhaps the Hero did not die.

55.

- “ Perchance if those whom most he loved,
“ Would call, thy Oscar might return ;
“ Perchance the chief has only roved,
“ For him thy Beltane * yet may burn.

* Beltane-Tree.—A Highland festival, on the 1st of May,* held near fires lighted for the occasion.

56.

“ Fill high the bowl, the table round,
“ We will not claim the pledge by stealth ;
“ With wine let every cup be crown’d,
“ Pledge me departed Oscar’s health.”

57.

“ With all my soul,” old Angus said,
And fill’d his goblet to the brim ;
“ Here’s to my boy! alive or dead,
“ I ne’er shall find a son like him.”

58.

“ Bravely old man, this health has sped,
“ But why does Allan trembling stand?
“ Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
“ And raise thy cup with firmer hand.”

59.

The crimson glow of Allan’s face
Was turn’d at once to ghastly hue ;
The drops of death each other chase,
Adown in agonizing dew.

60.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye,
On his with deadly fury placed.

61.

“ And is it thus a brother hails
“ A brother's fond remembrance here?
“ If thus affection's strength prevails,
“ What might we not expect from fear?”

62.

Roused by the sneer, he rais'd the bowl;
“ Would Oscar now could share our mirth!”
Internal fear appall'd his soul,
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

63.

“ 'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice,”
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming Form;
“ A murderer's voice!” the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

64.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A Form was seen, in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

65.

His waist was bound with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high ;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

66.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,
On Angus, bending low the knee;
And thrice he frown'd on a Chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

67.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring;
And the gleaming Form, through the mist of the
storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

68.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased ;
Who lies upon the stony floor ?
Oblivion prest old Angus' breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

69.

“ Away, away, let the leech essay,
“ To pour the light on Allan's eyes ; ”
His sand is done,—his race is run,
Oh ! never more shall Allan rise !

70.

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale,
And Allan's barbed arrow lay,
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

71.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell ;
But no one doubts the Form of Flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

72.

Ambition nerved yound Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart,
While Envy waved her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

73.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow :
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

74.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel :
Alas ! that eyes, which beam'd with love,
Should urge the soul to deeds of Hell.

75.

Lo! see'st thou not a lonely tomb,
Which rises o'er a warrior dead !
It glimmers through the twilight gloom ;
Oh ! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

76.

Far, distant far, the noble grave,
Which held his clan's great ashes, stood ;
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

77.

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

78.

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake ;
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
His harp in shuddering chords would break.

79.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
Shall sound his glories high in air,
A dying father's bitter curse,
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

TO THE DUKE OF D.

In looking over my papers, to select a few additional Poems for this second edition, I found the following lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the Summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from H——. They were addressed to a young school-fellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country; however he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a reperusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

D—R—T! whose early steps with mine have stray'd,
 Exploring every path of Ida's glade,
 Whom, still, affection taught me to defend,
 And made me less a tyrant than a friend;
 Though the harsh custom of our youthful band
 Bade *thee* obey, and gave *me* to command *

* At every public school, the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms, till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command, in turn, those who succeed.

Thee, on whose head a few short years will shower
The gift of riches, and the pride of power ;
Even now a name illustrious is thine own,
Renown'd in rank, not far beneath the throne.
Yet, D—r—t, let not this seduce thy soul,
To shun fair science, or evade control ;
Though passive tutors,* fearful to dispraise
The titled child, whose future breath may raise,
View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,
And wink at faults they tremble to chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the knee
To wealth, their golden idol,—not to thee !
And, even in simple boyhood's opening dawn,
Some slaves are found to flatter and to fawn :
When these declare, “ that pomp alone should wait
“ On one by birth predestined to be great ;
“ That books were only meant for drudging fools,
“ That gallant spirits scorn the common rules ;”
Believe them not,—they point the path to shame,
And seek to blast the honours of thy name :

* Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant ; I merely mention, generally, what is too often the weakness of Preceptors.

Turn to the few, in Ida's early throng,
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the wrong;
Or, if amidst the comrades of thy youth,
None dare to raise the sterner voice of truth,
Ask thine own heart ! 'twill bid thee, boy, forbear,
For well I know that virtue lingers there.

Yes ! I have mark'd thee many a passing day,
But now new scenes invite me far away ;
Yes ! I have mark'd, within that generous mind,
A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind ;
Ah ! though myself by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child ;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone ;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

'Tis not enough, with other Sons of power,
To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour,
To swell some peerage page in feeble pride,
With long-drawn names, that grace no page beside ;
Then share with titled crowds the common lot,
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot ;

While nought divides thee from the vulgar dead,
 Except the dull cold stone that hides thy head,
 The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the Herald's roll,
 That well-emblazon'd, but neglected scroll,
 Where Lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb may find
 One spot to leave a worthless name behind ;—
 There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy vaults
 That veil their dust, their follies, and their faults ;
 A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,
 In records destined never to be read.
 Fain would I view thee, with prophetic eyes,
 Exalted more among the good and wise ;
 A glorious and a long career pursue,
 As first in Rank, the first in Talent too ;
 Spurn every vice, each little meanness shun,
 Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day,
 Bright are the deeds thine earlier Sires display ;
 One, though a Courtier, lived a man of worth,
 And call'd, proud boast ! the British Drama forth.*

* " Thomas S—k—lle, Lord B—k—st, created Earl of
 " D— by James the First, was one of the earliest and


Another view ! not less renown'd for Wit,
 Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit ;
 Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine,
 In every splendid part ordain'd to shine ;
 Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,
 The pride of Princes, and the boast of Song.*
 Such were thy Fathers, thus preserve their name,
 Not heir to titles only, but to Fame.
 The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,
 To me, this little scene of joys and woes ;
 Each knell of Time now warns me to resign
 Shades, where Hope, Peace, and Friendship, all
 were mine ;
 Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,
 And gild their pinions, as the moments flew ;

“ brightest ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the
 “ first who produced a regular drama.”

ANDERSON'S *British Poets*.

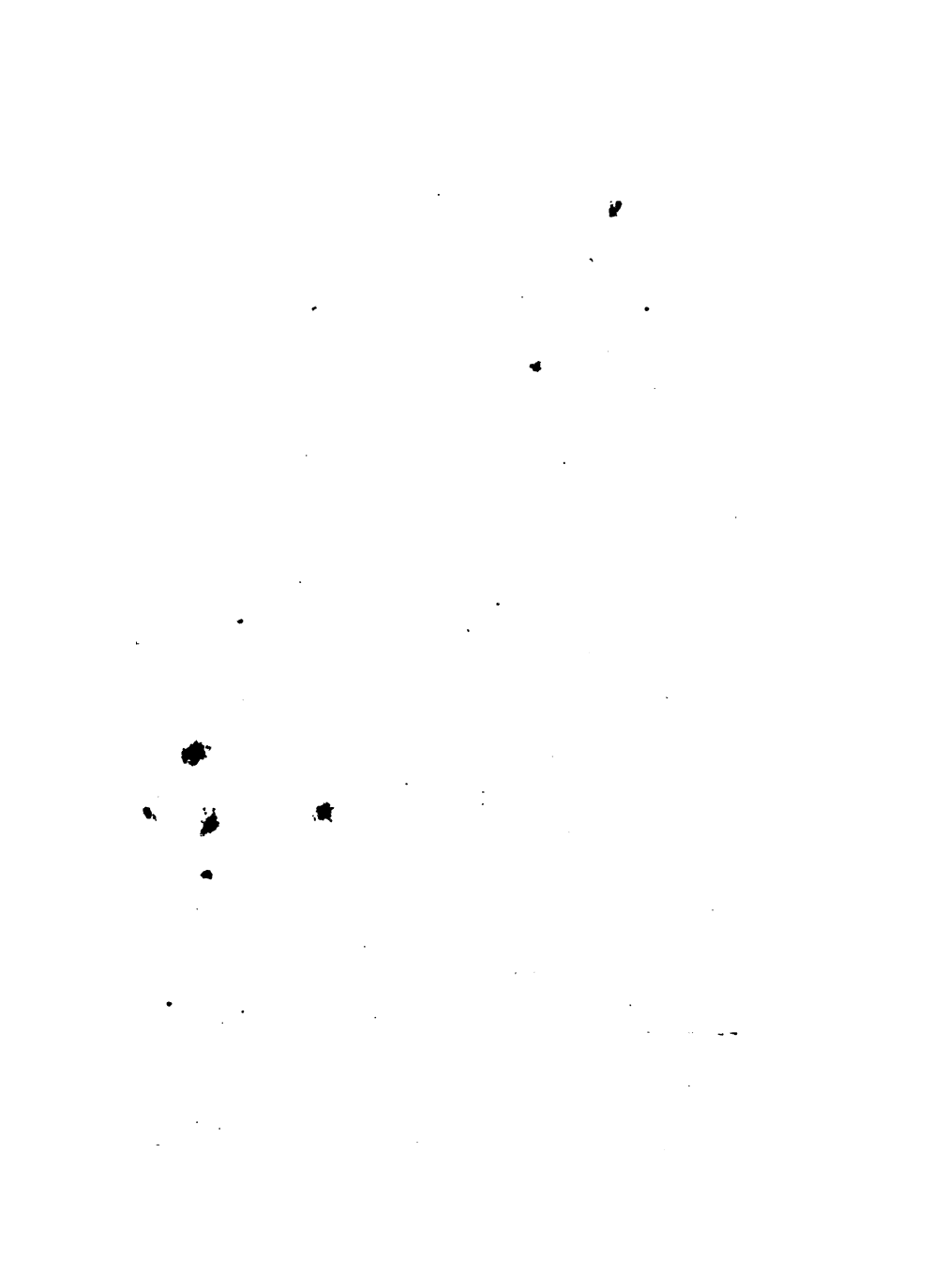
* Charles S—k—lle, Earl of D——, esteemed the most
 accomplished man of his day, was alike distinguished in the
 voluptuous court of Charles II. and the gloomy one of
 William III. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-
 fight of Beach, in 1685, on the day previous to which
 he wrote the song. His character has been
 sketched by Dryden, Pope, Prior, and
 others in *British Poets*.

Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,
By dreams of ill, to cloud some future day ;
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell,
Alas ! they love not long, who love so well.
To these adieu ! nor let me linger o'er
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,
Receding slowly through the dark blue deep,
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep.

D—r—t ! farewell ! I will not ask one part
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart ;
The coming 'morrow from thy youthful mind,
Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind. 
And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere,
Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,
May one day claim our suffrage for the state,
We hence may meet, and pass each other by
With faint regard, or cold and distant eye.
For me, in future, neither friend or foe,
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe ;
With thee no more again I hope to trace
The recollection of our early race ;

No more, as once, in social hours, rejoice,
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice.
Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught
To veil those feelings, which, perchance, it ought;
If these,—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,
Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain,
The Guardian Seraph, who directs thy fate,
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

TRANSLATIONS
AND
IMITATIONS.



TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL, WHEN
DYING.

ANIMULA ! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

AN ! gentle, fleeting, wavering Sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay !
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight ?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

“ AD LESBIAM.”

EQUAL to Jove, that youth must be,
Greater than Jove, he seems to me,
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely views thy matchless charms ;
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserved for him, and him alone.
Ah ! Lesbia ! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee ;
But, at the sight, my senses fly ;
I needs must gaze, but gazing die ;
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat, my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support ;
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing ;

My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night ;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION

OF

THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS.

BY DOMITIUS MARCUS.

HE who, sublime, in Epic numbers roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's unequal hand * alike control'd,
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

" LUCTUS DE MONTE PASSERIS."

Y^e Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread ;
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,

* The hand of Death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus, at his decease.

Whom dearer than her eyes she loved ;
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,

But lightly o'er her bosom moved :
And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air ;
But chirrup'd oft, and free from care,

Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourn,
From whence he never can return,
His death, and Lesbia's grief, I mourn,

Who sighs, alas ! but sighs in vain.
Oh ! curst be thou, devouring grave !
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,

From whom no earthly power can save,

For thou hast ta'en the bird away :
From thee, my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow,
Thou art the cause of all her woe,

Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

Oh ! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire ;
Still, would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss ;
Nor then my soul should sated be,
Still would I kiss and cling to thee :
Nought should my kiss from thine dis sever,
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever ;
E'en though the number did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed ;
To part would be a vain endeavour,
Could I desist ?—ah ! never—never.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I wish to tune my quivering lyre,
To deeds of fame, and notes of fire ;

To echo from its rising swell,
How heroes fought, and nations fell ;
When Atreus' sons advanced to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar ;
But, still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fired with the hope of future fame,
I seek some noble hero's name ;
The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war my harp is due ;
With glowing strings, the epic strain
To Jove's great son I raise again ;
Alcides and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds ;
All, all in vain, my wayward lyre
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu ! ye chiefs renown'd in arms !
Adieu ! the clang of war's alarms.
To other deeds my soul is strung,
And sweeter notes shall now be sung ;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel ;
Love, love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss, and sighs of flame.

ODE III.

'Twas now the hour, when Night had driven
Her car half round yon sable heaven ;
Bootes, only, seem'd to roll
His Arctic charge around the Pole ;
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep ;
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy,
Quick to my gate directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force ;
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose ;
“ What stranger breaks my blest repose ? ”
“ Alas ! ” replies the wily child,
In faltering accents, sweetly mild ;
“ A hapless infant here I roam,
“ Far from my dear maternal home ;
“ Oh ! shield me from the wintery blast,
“ The mighty storm is pouring fast ;
“ No prowling robber lingers here.
“ A wandering baby, who can fear ? ”

I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale ;
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe ;
I drew the bar, and by the light,
Young Love, the infant, met my sight ;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung,
(Ah ! little did I think the dart
Would rankle soon within my heart ;)
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast ;
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring ;
His shivering limbs the embers warm,
And now, reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow :
“ I fain would know, my gentle host,”
He cried, “ if this its strength has lost ;
“ I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
“ The strings their former aid refuse : ”
With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortured heart it lies :

Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd,
" My bow can still impel the shaft ;
" 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it ;
" Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it ? "

FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES,

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

GREAT Jove! to whose Almighty throne
Both Gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall ;
My voice shall raise no impious strain
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.

* * * * *

How different now thy joyless fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When placed aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side,

Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smiled,
 And mirthful strains the hours beguiled ;
 The Nymphs and Tritons danced around,
 Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless
 frown'd.

Harrow, Dec. 1, 1804.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE *ÆNEID*, LIB. 9.

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
 Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood ;
 Well skill'd in fight, the quivering lance to wield,
 Or pour his arrows through th' embattled field ;
 From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave,
 And sought a foreign home, a distant grave ;
 To watch the movements of the Daunian host,
 With him, Euryalus sustains the post :
 No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
 And beardless bloom yet graced the gallant boy ;
 Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
 As yet a novice in the martial strife,
 'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gift to share,
 A soul heroic, as his form was fair ;

These burn with one pure flame of generous love,
In peace, in war, united still they move ;
Friendship and glory form their joint reward,
And now combined, they hold the nightly guard.

“ What God ! ” exclaim’d the first, “ instils this
fire ?

“ Or, in itself a God, what great desire ?

“ My labouring soul, with anxious thought oppress’d,

“ Abhors this station of inglorious rest ;

“ The love of fame with this can ill accord,

“ Be’t mine to seek for glory with my sword.

“ See’st thou yon camp, with torches twinkling
dim,

“ Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb ?

“ Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,

“ And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign ?

“ Then hear my thought :—In deep and sullen
grief,

“ Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief ;

“ Now could the gifts and promised prize be thine

“ (The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine) ;

“ Were this decreed ;—beneath yon rising mound,
“ Methinks, an easy path perchance were found,
“ Which past, I speed my way to Pallas’ walls,
“ And lead Æneas from Evander’s halls.”

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address’d the Dardan boy :

“ These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone ?

“ Must all the fame, the peril be thine own ?

“ Am I by thee despised, and left afar,

“ As one unfit to share the toils of war ?

“ Not thus his son the great Opheltes taught,

“ Not thus my sire in Argive combats fought ;

“ Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,

“ I track’d Æneas through the walks of fate ;

“ Thou know’st my deeds, my breast devoid of
fear,

“ And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear ;

“ Here is a soul with hope immortal burns

“ And *life*, ignoble *life*, for *Glory* spurns.

“ Fame, fame is cheaply earn’d by fleeting breath,

“ The price of honour is the sleep of death.”

Then Nisus—“ Calm thy bosom’s fond alarms,

“ Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms ;

“ More dear thy worth and valour than my own,
“ I swear by him who fills Olympus’ throne!
“ So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
“ And clasp again the comrade of my youth.
“ But should I fall, and he who dares advance
“ Through hostile legions must abide by chance ;
“ If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,
“ Should lay the friend who ever loved thee low ;
“ Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
“ Thy budding years a lengthened term deserve ;
“ When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
“ Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for me ;
“ Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
“ Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse :
“ Or, if my destiny these last deny,
“ If in the spoiler’s power my ashes lie,
“ Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,
“ To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
“ Why should thy doating wretched mother weep
“ Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep ?
“ Who, for thy sake, the tempest’s fury dared,
“ Who for thy sake, war’s deadly peril shared ;
“ Who braved what woman never braved before,
“ And left her native for the Latian shore.”

" In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"

Replied Euryalus, " it scorns control ;

" Hence, let us haste,"—their brother guards
arose,

Roused by their call, nor court again repose ;

The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,

Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.

Now, o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,

And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man ;

Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold

Alternate converse, and their plans unfold ;

On one great point the council are agreed,

An instant message to their prince decreed ;

Each lean'd upon the lance he well could wield,

And poised, with easy arm, his ancient shield ;

When Nisus and his friend their leave request

To offer something to their high behest.

With anxious tremors, yet unawed by fear,

The faithful pair before the throne appear ;

Iulus greets them ; at his kind command,

The elder first address'd the hoary band.

" With patience," thus Hyrtacides began,

" Attend, nor judge from youth, our humble plan ;

“ Where yonder beacons, half-expiring, beam,
“ Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,
“ Nor heed that we a secret path have traced,
“ Between the ocean and the portal placed :
“ Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
“ Whose shade securely our design will cloak.
“ If you, ye Chiefs, and Fortune will allow,
“ We’ll bend our course to yonder mountain’s
 brow ;
“ Where Pallas’ walls, at distance, meet the sight,
“ Seen o’er the glade, when not obscured by night ;
“ Then shall Æneas in his pride return,
“ While hostile matrons raise their offspring’s urn,
“ And Latian spoils, and purpled heaps of dead,
“ Shall mark the havoc of our hero’s tread ;
“ Such is our purpose, not unknown the way,
“ Where yonder torrent’s devious waters stray :
“ Oft have we seen, when hunting by the stream,
“ The distant spires above the valleys gleam.”

Mature in years, for sober wisdom famed,
Moved by the speech, Alethes here exclaim’d :

“ Ye parent Gods ! who rule the fate of Troy,
“ Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy ;

“ When minds like these in striplings thus ye
raise,

“ Yours is the god-like act, be yours the praise;

“ In gallant youth my fainting hopes revive,

“ And Ilion’s wonted glories still survive.”

Then, in his warm embrace, the boys he press’d,

And, quivering, strain’d them to his aged breast;

With tears the burning cheek of each bedew’d,

And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew’d :—

“ What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize

“ Can we bestow, which you may not despise?

“ Our deities the first, best boon have given,

“ Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.

“ What poor rewards can bless your deeds on earth,

“ Doubtless, await such young exalted worth ;

“ Æneas and Ascanius shall combine

“ To yield applause far, far surpassing mine.”

Iulus then : “ By all the powers above !

“ By those Penates* who my country love ;

“ By hoary Vesta’s sacred fane, I swear,

“ My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair !

“ Restore my father to my grateful sight,

“ And all my sorrows yield to one delight.

* Household Gods.

- “ Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
“ Saved from Arisba’s stately domes o’erthrown;
“ My sire secured them on that fatal day,
“ Nor left such bowls, an Argive robber’s prey,
“ Two massy tripods also shall be thine,
“ Two talents polish’d from the glittering mine;
“ An ancient cup which Tyrian Dido gave,
“ While yet our vessels press’d the Punic wave:
“ But, when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
“ When great Æneas wears Hesperia’s crown,
“ The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed,
“ Which Turnus guides with more than mortal
 speed,
“ Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
“ I pledge my word, irrevocably pass’d;
“ Nay more, twelve slaves and twice six captive
 dames,
“ To soothe thy softer hours with amorous flames,
“ And all the realms which now the Latins sway,
“ The labours of to-night shall well repay.
“ But thou, my generous youth, whose tender
 years
“ Are near my own, whose worth my heart re-
 veres,

“ Henceforth, affection sweetly thus begun,
“ Shall join our bosoms and our souls in one;
“ Without thy aid no glory shall be mine,
“ Without thy dear advice, no great design;
“ Alike, through ~~the~~ esteem’d, thou god-like boy,
“ In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy.”

To him Euryalus: “ No day shall shame
“ The rising glories, which from this I claim.
“ Fortune may favour or the skies may frown,
“ But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
“ Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
“ One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:
“ My mother sprung from Priam’s royal line,
“ Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine;
“ Nor Troy nor King Acestes’ realms restrain
“ Her feeble age from dangers of the main;
“ Alone she came, all selfish fears above,
“ A bright example of maternal love.
“ Unknown, the secret enterprize I brave,
“ Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave:
“ From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
“ No fainting mother’s lips have press’d my cheek;

“ By gloomy Night, and thy right hand, I vow
“ Her parting tears would shake my purpose now ;
“ Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
“ In thee her much-loved child may live again ;
“ Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
“ Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress :
“ So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,
“ To rise in glory, or to fall in fame.”

Struck with a filial care, so deeply felt,
In tears, at once the Trojan warriors melt ;
Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow ;
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
“ All thou hast ask'd, receive,” the Prince replied,
“ Nor this alone, but many a gift beside ;
“ To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
“ Creusa's* style but wanting to the dame ;
“ Fortune an adverse wayward course may run,
“ But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.
“ Now, by my life, my Sire's most sacred oath,
“ To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
“ All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
“ If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be bestow'd.”

* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

Thus spoke the weeping Prince, then forth to view
gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew ;
Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,
For friends to envy and for foes to feel.
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus, to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows ;
Arm'd, thence they go, while all the assembled
train,
To aid their cause implore the gods in vain ;
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place ;
His prayers he sends, but what can prayers avail,
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale ?

The trench is past, and, favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes they wheel their wary flight.
When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er ?
Alas ! some slumber who shall wake no more !
Chariots, and bridles, mix'd with arms, are seen,
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between ;
Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp combine,
A mingled chaos this of war and wine.

“ Now,” cries the first, “ for deeds of blood prepare,

“ With me the conquest and the labour share ;

“ Here lies our path ; lest any hand arise,

“ Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies ;

“ I’ll carve our passage through the heedless foe,

“ And clear thy road, with many a deadly blow.”

His whispering accents then the youth repress,

And pierced proud Rhâmnès through his panting breast ;

Stretch’d at his ease, th’ incautious king reposed,

Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had closed ;

To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,

His omens more than augur’s skill evince ;

But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,

Could not avert his own untimely fall.

Next Remus’ armour-bearer, hapless, fell,

And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell :

The charioteer along his courser’s sides

Expires, the steel his sever’d neck divides ;

And, last, his Lord is number’d with the dead,

Bounding convulsivè, flies the gasping head :

From the swollen veins the blackening torrent
pour,

Stain'd is the couch and earth with clotting gore.

Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,

And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire ;

Half the long night in childish games was past,

Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last ;

Oh ! happier far, had he the morn survey'd,

And, 'till Aurora's dawn, his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds the keepers lost in sleep,

His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep ;

Mid the sad flock, at dead of night, he prowls,

With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls ;

Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams

In seas of gore, the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance came,

But falls on feeble crowds without a name ;

His wound unconscious Fadius scarce can feel,

Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening steel ;

His coward breast behind a jar he hides,

And, vainly, in the weak defence confides ;

Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Thro' wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
The feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now, where Messapus dwelt they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfined behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed;
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is past,
"Full foes enough, to-night, have breathed their
last;
"Soon will the Day those Eastern clouds adorn,
"Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various arts emboss'd,
What bowls and mantles, in confusion toss'd,
They leave regardless! yet, one glittering prize
Attracts the younger hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud the monarch's golden belt;
This from the pallid horse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.

Th' ~~g~~ulting boy the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head, in triumph, bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they
 bend,
To seek the vale, where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse
To Turnus' camp pursue their destined course;
While the slow foot their tardy march delay,
The knights, impatient, spur along the way :
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus, with their master's promise sped :
Now, they approach the trench, and view the
 walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls ;
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright ;
Volscens, with question loud, the pair alarms—
“ Stand, Stragglers ! stand ! why early thus in
 arms ?

• “ From whence ? to whom ? ” He meets with no
 reply,
Trusting the covert of the night, they fly ;

The thicket's depth, with hurried pace, they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene ;
Euryalus his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead ;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze,
To where Latinus' steeds, in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On every side they seek his absent friend.

" O God ! my boy," he cries, " of me bereft,
" In what impending perils art thou left ! "

Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze ;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground ;
Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise,
The sound elates—the sight his hope destroys,
The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades his weary way con-
found ;

Him, with loud shouts, the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.

What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers
dare?

Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share!

What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,

Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey!

His life a votive ransom nobly give,

Or die with him for whom he wish'd to live!

• Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,

On Luna's orb he cast his phrenzied eye :

“ Goddess serene, transcending every star!

• Queen of the sky! whose beams are seen afar,

• “ By night, Heaven owns thy sway, by day, the
grove ;

“ When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;

“ If e'er myself or sire have sought to grace

“ Thine altars with the produce of the chace ;

• “ Speed, speed, my dart, to pierce yon vaunting
crowd,

“ To free my friend, and scatter far the proud.”

Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung ;

Through parted shades, the hurtling weapon sung ;

The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,

• Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay :

He sobs, he dies,—the troop, in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze;
While pale they stare, thro' Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft with equal force is driven;
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes,
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall;
“Thou youth accurst! thy life shall pay for all.”
Quick from the sheath his flaming glave he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
Nisus no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
Aghast, confused, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies:
“Me, me, your vengeance hurl on me alone,
“Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your
own;
“Ye starry Spheres! thou conscious Heaven at-
test!
“He could not—durst not—do! the guile con-
fest!
“All, all was mine—his early fate suspend,
“He only loved too well his hapless friend;

“ Spare, spare, ye chiefs ! from him your rage
remove,

“ His fault was friendship, all his crime was love.”

He pray'd in vain, the dark assassin's sword
Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom gored ;
Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad crest,
And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his breast :
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Languid in death, expires beneath the share ;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower ;
Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering Beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and Despair his guide ;
Volskens he seeks, amidst the gathering host,
Volskens must soon appease his comrade's ghost ;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, for crowds on foe,
Rage nerves his arm, Fate gleams in every blow ;
In vain, beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds ;
In viewless circles wheel'd his falchion flies,
Nor quits the Hero's grasp, till Volskens dies ;

Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved,
Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;
Then on his bosom, sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly, in his friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Timè's broad pinion, yours is fame!
Ages on ages shall your fate admire;
No future day shall see your names expire;
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions hail their Empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION

FROM

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

I.

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast, where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge,
Which rolls the tide of human woe?

The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
 Can rouse the tortured breast no more;
 The wild desire, the guilty flame,
 Absorbs each wish it felt before.

2.

But, if affection gently thrills
 The soul, by purer dreams possess,
 The pleasing balm of mortal ills,
 In love can soothe the aching breast;
 If thus, thou com'st in gentle guise,
 Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
 What heart, unfeeling, would despise
 The sweetest boon the Gods have given?

3.

But, never from thy golden bow
 May I beneath the shaft expire,
 Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
 Awakes an all-consuming fire;
 Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!
 With others wage eternal war;
 Repentance! source of future tears,
 From me be ever distant far.

4.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love !
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above !
Fair Venus ! on thy myrtle shrine,
May I with some fond lover sigh !
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
With me to live, with me to die.

5.

My native soil ! beloved before,
Now dearer, as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless, banish'd wretch to roam ;
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath,
Nor quit my silent, humble bower ;
A doom, to me, far worse than death.

6.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh ?
And seen the exile's silent tear ?
Through distant climes condemn'd to
A pensive, weary wanderer here ;

Ah! hapless dame!* no sire bewails,
 No friend thy wretched fate deplores,
 No kindred voice with rapture hails
 Thy steps, within a stranger's doors.

7.

Perish the fiend! whose iron heart,
 To fair affection's truth unknown,
 Bids her ~~be~~ fondly loved depart,
 Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
 Who ne'er unlocks, with silver key,†
 The milder treasures of his soul;
 May such a friend be far from me,
 And Ocean's storms between us roll!

* Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The Chorus from which this is taken, here address Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

† The original is "*Καθαρὰ ἀνοίξαντι Κλειδὸν φρενῶν*:" literally "Disclosing the bright key of the mind."

FUGITIVE PIECES.

• 75

• 76

• 77

• 78

• 79

• 80

• 81

• 82

• 83

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.*

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS his ample front sublime uprears;
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a God,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod;
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice, in thunder, shakes the sounding dome,
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth ! in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside ;

* No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office: indeed such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was, in his younger days, for wit and conviviality.

Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans attic metres with a critic's ken.

What! though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead;
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,

Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;
Though, marv'ling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet, well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But, lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope:
Not that our Heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN'S glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try, by speaking, to convince;

Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the
crowd :

Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan ;
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the Dean ;
Whilst every staring Graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man, who hopes t' obtain the promised cup,
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up ;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard :
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest ;
Who speaks the fastest 's sure to speak the best :
Who utters most within the shortest space,
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade ;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks, supine they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live,—unwept for, die ;

Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
 They think all learning fix'd within their walls;
 In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
 All modern arts affecting to despise;
 Yet prizing BENTLEY'S,* BRUNCK'S,* or PORSON'S†
 note,
 More than the verse on which the critic wrote;
 Vain as their honours, heavy as their Ale,
 Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale,
 To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
 When Self and Church demand a Bigot zeal.
 With eager haste they court the lord of power,
 Whether 'tis PITT or P—TTY rules the hour : §
 To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
 While distant mitres to their eyes are spread;
 But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
 They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.

* * Celebrated Critics.

† The present Greek Professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind and writings may perhaps justify their preference.

§ Since this was written, Lord H. P——y has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said CONSEQUENTLY) the honour of representing the University; a fact so glaring requires no comment.

Such are the men who learning's treasures guard,
 Such is their practice, such is their reward ;
 This much, at least, we may presume to say ;
 The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

TO THE EARL OF —.

" Tu semper amoris
 " Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago."
 VALERIUS FLACCUS.

I.

FRIEND of my youth ! when young we roved,
 Like striplings mutually beloved,
 With Friendship's purest glow ;
 The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours,
 Was such as pleasure seldom showers
 On mortals here below.

2.

The recollection seems, alone,
 Dearer than all the joys I've known,

When distant far from you ;
Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain,
To trace those days and hours again,
And sigh again, adieu !

3.

My pensive memory lingers o'er
Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,
Those scenes regretted ever ;
The measure of our youth is full,
Life's evening dream is dark and dull,
And we may meet—ah ! never !

4.

As when one parent spring supplies
Two streams, which from one fountain rise,
Together join'd in vain ;
How soon, diverging from their source,
Each murmuring seeks another course,
Till mingled in the Main.

5.

Our vital streams of weal or woe,
Though near, alas ! distinctly flow,

Nor mingle as before ;
Now swift or slow, now black or clear,
Till death's unfathom'd gulph appear,
And both shall quit the shore.

6.

Our souls, my Friend ! which once supplied
One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,
Now flow in different channels ;
Disdaining humbler rural sports,
'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,
And shine in Fashion's annals.

7.

'Tis mine to waste on love my time,
Or vent my reveries in rhyme,
Without the aid of Reason ;
For Sense and Reason (Critics know it)
Have quitted every amorous Poet,
Nor left a thought to seize on.

8.

Poor LITTLE ! sweet, melodious bard !
Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard,

That he, who sang before all ;
 He who the love of love expanded,
 By dire Reviewers should be branded,
 As void of wit and moral.*

9.

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,
 Harmonious favourite of the Nine !
 Repine not at thy lot ;
 Thy soothing lays may still be read,
 When Persecution's arm is dead,
 And Critics are forgot.

10.

Still, I must yield those worthies merit,
 Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,
 Bad rhymes, and those who write them ;
 And though myself may be the next
 By critic sarcasm to be vexed,
 I really will not fight them ; †

* These Stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique in a Northern review, on a new publication of the British Anacreon.

† A Bard (*horresco referens*) defied his reviewer to combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx, for what else can cure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants.

11.

Perhaps they would do quite as well,
To break the rudely sounding shell
Of such a young beginner ;
He who offends at pert nineteen,
Ere thirty, may become, I ween,
A very harden'd sinner.

12.

Now —— I must return to you,
And sure apologies are due ;
Accept then my concession ;
In truth, dear ——, in fancy's flight,
I soar along from left to right,
My muse admires digression.

13.

I think I said 'twould be your fate
To add one star to royal state ;
May regal smiles attend you ;
And should a noble Monarch reign,
You will not seek his smiles in vain,
If worth can recommend you.

14.

Yet, since in danger courts abound,
Where specious rivals glitter round,
 From snares may Saints preserve you ;
And grant your love or friendship ne'er
From any claim a kindred care,
 But those who best deserve you.

15.

Not for a moment may you stray
From Truth's secure unerring way,
 May no delights decoy ;
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
 Your tears be tears of joy.

16.

Oh ! if you wish that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
 And virtues crown your brow :
Be, still, as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,
 Be, still, as you are now.

17.

And, though some trifling share of praise,
 To cheer my last declining days,
 To me were doubly dear ;
 Whilst blessing your beloved name,
 I'd wave at once a *Poet's* fame,
 To prove a *Prophet* here.

 GRANTA, A MEDLEY.

 Αργυριαις λογχαισι μαχη και παντα Κρατησεις.

1.

OH ! could LE SAGE's* demon's gift
 Be realized at my desire,
 This night my trembling form he'd lift,
 To place it on St. Mary's spire.

2.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
 Pedantic inmates full display ;

* The Diable Boiteux of LE SAGE, where Asmodeus, the Demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and un-roofs the houses for his inspection.

Fellows who dream on lawn, or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

3.

Then would I view each rival wight,
P—tty and P—lm—st—n survey ;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

4.

Lo ! candidates and voters lie,
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number !
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

5.

Lord H——, indeed, may not demur,
Fellows are sage, reflecting men !
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom,—now and then

6.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal ;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

7.

Now, from the soporific scene
I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

8.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

9.

He, surely, well deserves to gain them,
With all the honours of his college,
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge ;

10.

Who sacrifices hours of rest,
To scan, precisely, metres Attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast
In solving problems mathematic;

11.

Who reads false quantities in Sele,*
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
 Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
 In barbarous Latin † doom'd to wrangle;

12.

Renouncing every pleasing page
 From authors of historic use;
 Preferring to the letter'd sage
 The square of the hypothenuse. §

13.

Still, harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
 Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent.

* Sele's publication on Greek metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

† The Latin of the schools is of the CANINE SPECIES, and not very intelligible.

§ The discovery of Pythagoras, ~~that~~ the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right angled triangle.

14.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
When vice and infamy combine ;
When drunkenness and dice unite,
And every sense is steep'd in wine.

15.

Not so the methodistic crew,
Who plans of reformation lay :
In humble attitude they sue,
And for the sins of others pray.

16.

Forgetting, that their pride of spirit,
Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
Of all their boasted self-denial.

17.

'Tis morn,—from these I turn my sight :
What scene is this which meets the eye?
A numerous crowd array'd in white,*
Across the green in numbers fly.

* On a Saint day, the students wear surplices in chapel.

18.

Loud rings, in air, the chapel bell ;
'Tis hush'd : What sounds are these I hear ?
The organ's soft celestial swell
Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

19.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain ;
Though he who hears the music long
Will never wish to hear again.

20.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners ;
All mercy, now, must be refused,
To such a set of roaring sinners.

21.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

22.

The luckless Israelites, when taken,
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

23.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspired by stratagem or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

24.

But, if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read ;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

25.

Therefore, farewell, old GRANTA's spires,
No more, like Cleofas, I fly ;
No more thy theme my Muse inspires,
The reader's tired, and so am I.

LACHIN Y GAIR.

LACHIN Y GAIR, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, LOCH NA GARR, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern Tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in GREAT BRITAIN; be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows: near Lachin y Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to the following Stanzas.

I.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!

In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,

Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,

Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing
fountains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

2.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;*
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
 For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

3.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
 "Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland
 vale:
 Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist
 gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers—
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na
 Garr:

* This word is erroneously pronounced FLAD, the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.

" Ill-starr'd,* though brave, did'no visions fore-
boding

" Tell you that Fate had forsaken your cause?
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,†

Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were you happy, in death's slumber,
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar,§

The Pibroch** resounds to the piper's loud number

Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garra

* I allude here to my maternal ancestors, "the GORDONS many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the STEWARTS. George, the 2d Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James the 1st of Scotland; by her he left four sons: the 3d, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

§ A tract of the Highlands so called; there is also a Castle of Braemar.

** The Bagpipe.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you ;
Years must elapse ere I tread you again ;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet, still, are you dearer than Albion's plain :
England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one who has roved on the mountains afar ;
Oh ! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr !

TO ROMANCE.

I.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance !
Auspicious Queen of childish joys !
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys ;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth ;
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

2.

And, yet, 'tis hard to quit the dreams
Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue,
When Virgins seem no longer vain,
And even Woman's smiles are true.

3.

And must we own thee but a name,
And from thy hall of clouds descend;
Nor find a Sylph in every dame,
A Pylades* in every friend?
But leave, at once, thy realms of air,
To mingling bands of fairy elves:
Confess that woman's false as fair,
And Friends have feelings for—themselves.

* It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships, which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments which, in all probability, never existed, beyond the imagination of the poet, the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

4.

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway,
Repentant, now thy reign is o'er ;
No more thy precepts I obey,
No more on fancied pinions soar :
Fond fool ! to love a sparkling eye,
And think that eye to Truth was dear,
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
And melt beneath a wanton's tear.

5.

Romance ! disgusted with deceit,
Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
And sickly Sensibility ;
Whose silly tears can never flow
For any pangs excepting thine ;
Who turns aside from real woe,
To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine :

6.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
Whose breast for every bosom bleeds ;

And call thy sylvan female quire,
To mourn a swain for ever gone,
Who once could glow with equal fire,
But bends not now before thy throne.

7.

Ye genial Nymphs, whose ready tears,
On all occasions, swiftly flow ;
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
With fancied flames and phrenzy glow ;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
Apostate from your gentle train ?
An infant Bard, at least, may claim
From you a sympathetic strain.

8.

Adieu ! fond race, a long adieu !
The hour of fate is hovering nigh ;
Even now the gulf appears in view,
Where unlamented you must lie :
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen
Convulsed by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
Alas ! must perish altogether.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*

It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me
with all their deeds. OSSIAN.

NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
 Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY's † pride!
 Of Warriors, Monks, and Dames the cloister'd
 tomb,
 Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide :

Hail! to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall,
 Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
 Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
 Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad Serfs, § obedient to their Lord,
 In grim array, the crimson cross** demand;

* As one poem on this subject is printed in the beginning, the author had originally no intention of inserting the following: it is now added at the particular request of some friends.

† Henry II. founded Newstead, soon after the murder of THOMAS A BECKET.

§ This word is used by WALTER SCOTT, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman," as synonymous with Vassal.

** The Red Cross was the badge of the Crusaders.

Or gay assemble round the festive board,
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress, through the lapse of time
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die
A votive pilgrim, in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the Chief,
His feudal realm in other regions lay;
In thee, the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
The Monk abjured a world he ne'er could view
Or blood-stain'd Guilt repenting solace found,
Or Innocence from stern Oppression flew.

A Monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont
prowl:

And Superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the Priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay,

In sainted fame the sacred Fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices, but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings
extend,

Soon as the gloaming * spreads her waning
shade,

The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary † paid.

Years roll on years—to ages, ages yield—

Abbots to Abbots in a line succeed,

Religion's charter their protecting shield,

Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy HENRY, rear'd the gothic walls,

And bade the pious inmates rest in peace ;

Another HENRY § the kind gift recalls,

And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

* As "Gloaming," the Scottish word for Twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly Dr. Moore, in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it, on account of its harmony.

† The Priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

§ At the dissolution of the Monasteries, HENRY VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer,
He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
To roam a dreary world, in deep despair,
No friend, no home, no refuge but their God.

Hark ! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din !
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners, wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet, and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress * now,
Encircled by insulting rebel powers ;
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening
brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

Ah ! vain defence ! the hostile traitor's siege,
Tho' oft repulsed, by guile o'ercomes the brave

* Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the winter between CHARLES I. and his Parliament.

His thronging foes oppress the faithful Liege,
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unavenged, the raging Baron yields,
The blood of traitors smears the purple plain ;
Unconquer'd still his faulchion there he wields,
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still, in that hour the warrior wish'd to strew
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought grave ;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to
save.

Trembling she snatch'd him * from the unequal
strife,

In other fields the torrent to repel,
For nobler combats here reserved his life,
To lead the band where god-like FALKLAND † fell.

* Lord Byron and his brother Sir William held high commands in the royal army ; the former was General in Chief in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower and Governor to James Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II. The latter had a principal share in many actions. *Vide* Clarendon, Hume, etc.

† Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the battle of Newberry, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of cavalry.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans their painful requiem
sound,

Far different incense now ascends to heaven—
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There, many a pale and ruthless robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'er-
spread,

Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal mould;
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the dead,
Raked from repose, in search of buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length, the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
Retire—the clamour of the fight is o'er;
Silence again resumes her awful sway,
And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court ;
What satellites declare her dismal reign !
Shrieking their dirge, ill omen'd birds resort
To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's skies ;
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans,
Whirlwinds responsive greet his labouring
breath ;

Earth shudders as her cave receives his bones,
Loathing * the offering of so dark a death.

The legal Ruler † now resumes the helm,
He guides thro' gentle seas the prow of state :

* This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death, or interment, of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his Partisans and the Cavaliers; both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition, but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

† Charles II.

Hope cheers with wonted smiles the peaceful
realm,

And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied Hate

The gloomy tenants, Newstead, of thy cells,

Howling resign their violated nest;

Again the master on his tenure dwells,

Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured zest.

Vassals within thy hospitable pale,

Loudly carousing, bless their Lord's return;

Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,

And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,

Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;

And, hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,

The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the
breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake:

What fears! what anxious hopes! attend the
chase!

The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake,

Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah ! happy days ! too happy to endure !

Such simple sports our plain forefathers knew ;
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure,

Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, sons to sires succeed,

Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart ;
Another chief impels the foaming steed,

Another crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead ! what saddening change of scene is
thine !

Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay ;
The last and youngest of a noble line

Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray-worn towers—

Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep—
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers—
These, these he views, and views them but to
weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret,

Cherish'd affection only bids them flow ;
Pride, Hope, and Love forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassion'd glow.

Yet, he prefers thee to the gilded domes,
Or gew-gaw grottos of the vainly great ;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun emerging yet may shine,
Thee to eradiate with meridian ray ;
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA.

AN IMITATION OF

MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.*

DEAR are the days of youth ! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recals the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. " Not thus feebly did I raise the steed before my fathers ! " Past is the race of heroes ! but their fame rises

* It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the *Catastrophe*, is taken from " *Nisus and Euryalus*," of which episode a translation is already given in the present volume.

on the harp ; their souls ride on the wings of the wind ! they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds ! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests ; he rolls his form in the whirlwind ; and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief ; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood ; Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear : but mild was the eye of Calmar ; soft was the flow of his yellow locks—they stream'd like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul ; his thoughts were given to friendship, to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes ! Equal were their swords in battle ; but fierce was the pride of Orla, gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean ! Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies ; but the blazing oaks gleam through th

valley. The sons of Lochlin slept : their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs. They stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. " Sons of Morven," said the hero, " to-morrow we meet the foe ; but where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin ? He rests in the halls of Tura ; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms ? The path is by the swords of foes, but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs ! who will arise ?"

" Son of Trenmor ! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, " and mine alone. What is death to me ? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards, and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—" And shalt thou fall alone ?" said fair-haired Calmar. " Wilt thou leave thy friend afar ? Chief of Oithona ! not feeble is my arm in fight.

Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger: ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar.”—

“Calmar!” said the chief of Oithona, “why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy: but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, ‘Calmar is fallen by the steel of Lochlin; he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow.’ Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin! Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise.”—“Orla!” said the son of Mora, “could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the

winds? No; my heart would speak in sighs; faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high; the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the King, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep. Their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam, at distance, in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade: his spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, Chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar. "We are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?"—"It is a time for vengeance," said Orla, of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou

his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora? No! he shall feel his wound; my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon! rise! the son of Connal calls; thy life is his: rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep, but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly, Calmar fly!" said dark-haired Orla; "Mathon is mine; I shall die in joy; but Lochlin crowds around; fly through the shade of night." Orla turns; the helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall. His wrath rises; his weapon glitters on the head of Orla; but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes

his shield: his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin. Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many: grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks: yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. "'Tis Calmar—he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame: it glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives: he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, Son of Mora; 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of

Morven with Orla ;" said the hero, " what were the chase to me, alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning; to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend: raise the song when I am dark."

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven. The Bards raised the song.

" What form rises on the roar of clouds? whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? his voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla; the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise,

Calmar! it dwells on the voice of the mighty.
 Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then
 raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them
 on the arch of the rainbow, and smile through
 the tears of the storm."*

TO E. N. L. ESQ.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

HOR. E.

DEAR L——, in this sequester'd scene,
 While all around in slumber lie,
 The joyous days which ours have been
 Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye :
 Thus, if amidst the gathering storm,
 While clouds the darken'd noon deform,

* I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the Translation of a series of Poems, complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.—The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow,
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.
Ah ! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again ;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude,
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
And interrupt the golden dream ;
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
And still indulge my wonted theme ;
Although we ne'er again can trace,
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore,
Nor through the groves of Ida chase
Our raptured visions as before ;
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing
Will shed around some dews of spring ;

But, if his scythe must sweep the flowers
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell ;
If frowning Age, with cold controul,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved Misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone ;
Oh ! may my bosom never learn,

To soothe its wonted heedless flow,
Still, still, despise the censor stern,

But ne'er forget another's woe.
Yes, as you knew me in the days
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove untutor'd, wild,
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,
To you my soul is still the same,
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame.

But, hence ! ye hours of sable hue,
Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er ;
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more.
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,
And caves their sullen roar enclose,
We heed no more the wintry blast,
When lull'd by zephyr to repose.
Full often has my infant Muse,
Attuned to love her languid lyre :
But now, without a theme to choose,
The strains in stolen sighs expire ;
My youthful nymphs, alas ! are flown ;
E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
And Mary's given to another ;
And Cora's eye, which rolled on me,
Can now no more my love recal,
In truth, dear L——, 'twas time to flee,
For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the Sun, with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
These last should be confined to one.

The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose sun displays a general *summer*.
Thus faint is every former flame,
And Passion's self is now a name :
As when the ebbing flames are low,
The aid which once improved their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
Now quenches all their sparks in night ;
Thus has it been with Passion's fires,
As many a boy and girl remember,
While all the force of love expires,
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now dear L——, 'tis midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Described in every stripling's verse ;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before ?
Yet, ere yon silver lamp of night
Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retraced her path of light,
And chased away the gloom profound,

I trust that we, my gentle friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend,
Above the dear loved peaceful seat
Which once contain'd our youth's retreat;
And then, with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle with the festive crew;
While many a tale of former day
Shall wing the laughing hours away;
And all the flow of soul shall pour
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease, till Luna's waning horn
Scarce glimmers through the mist of Morn.

TO _____.

I.

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not then been mine,
For then my peace had not been broken.

2.

To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving;

They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

3.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

4.

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

5.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

6.

Then fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

7.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures,
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures,

8.

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd ;
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With Passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

9.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For nature seem'd to smile before thee ;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

10.

But now I seek for other joys,
To think would drive my soul to madness ;
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

11.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour ;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.

STANZAS.

I.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave.
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon* pride,
Accords not with the freeborn soul,
Which loves the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

2.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands—
I hate the slaves that cringe around :
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest roar,
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

* Sassenagh, or Saxon, a Gaelic word signifying either Lowland or English.

3.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me ;
Ah ! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be ?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss ;
Truth ! wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this ?

4.

I loved—but those I loved are gone ;
Had friends—my early friends ~~are~~ fled ;
How cheerless feels the heart ~~alone~~,
When all its former hopes are dead !
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though Pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

5.

How dull to hear the voice of those
Whom Rank or Chance, whom Wealth or
Power,
Have made, though neither Friends or Foes,
Associates of the festive hour ;

Give me again a faithful-few, .
 In years and feelings still the same, .
 And I will fly the midnight crew,
 Where boist'rous Joy is but a name. .

6.

And Woman! lovely Woman, thou,
 My hope, my comforter, my all!
 How cold must be my bosom now,
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!
 Without a sigh would I resign
 This busy scene of splendid woe,
 To make that calm contentment mine
 Which Virtue knows, or seems to know. .

7.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
 My breast requires the sullen glen,
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd mind.
 Oh! that to me the wings were given
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!
 Then would I cleave the vault of Heaven,
 To flee away and be at rest.*

* PSALM 55, Verse 6.—“And I said, Oh! that I had wings!
 a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest.” This verse
 constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our

LINES

WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF
HARROW ON THE HILL.

SEPT. 2, 1807.

Spot of my youth ! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky ;
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod ;
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance deplore,
Fate me, the happy scenes they knew before :
Oh ! as I trace again thy winding hill,
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee still,
Thou drooping Elm ! beneath whose boughs I lay,
And frequent mused the twilight hours away ;
Where, as they once were wont, my limbs recline,
But ah ! without the thoughts which then were
mine :

How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,
Invite the bosom to recal the past ;
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,
" Take, while thou can'st, a lingering last farewell !"
When Fate shall chill at length this fever'd breast,
And calm its cares and passions into rest,

Oft have I thought 'twould soothe my dying hour,
If aught may soothe when life resigns her power,
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it loved to dwell ;
With this fond dream, methinks 'twere sweet to
die,

And here it linger'd, here my heart might lie ;
Here might I sleep, where all my hopes arose,
Scene of my youth, and couch of my repose :

For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling shade,
Prest by the turf where once my childhood play'd
1. Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my footsteps moved,
Blest by the tongues that charm'd my youthful ear,
Mourn'd by the few my soul acknowledged here,
Deplored by those in early days allied,
And unremember'd by the world beside.

CRITIQUE

EXTRACTED FROM

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 22,

FOR JANUARY, 1808.

Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated. By GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 200.—Newark, 1807.

THE poetry of this young Lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his style. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought

against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken were he to deliver for poetry the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority*; but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder, than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, 'See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one of only sixteen!'—But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive; we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege, our author rather brings forward in order to waive it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestors—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consi-

deration only, that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet; nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately, upon the fingers,—it is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it.

‘Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you!

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
’Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne’er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown ;
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish ;
 When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own.'

p. 3.

Now we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious.—Gray's Ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas ' On a distant view of the village and school of Harrow.'

' Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
 Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied ;
 How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
 Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied.—p. 4.

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers ' *On a Tear*, ' might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following :

' Mild Charity's glow,
 To us mortals below,
 Shows the soul from barbarity clear ;
 Compassion will melt
 Where this virtue is felt,
 And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail,
 With the blast of the gale,

Through billows Atlantic to steer,
 As he bends o'er the wave,
 Which may soon be his grave,
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear.'—p. 11.

And so of instances in which ~~former~~ poets had failed. Thus, we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his non-age, Adrian's Address to his Soul, when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

' Ah ! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
 Friend and associate of this clay !
 To what unknown region borne,
 Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight ?
 No more with wonted humour gay,
 But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.'—p. 72.

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian ; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn ? And why call the thing in p. 79, a translation, where *two* words (*θελον λεγειν*) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81, where *μισσηνυκτιστος ποθ' ο παρς*, is rendered by means of six hobbling verses ? As to his Ossianic poesy we are not very good judges, being, in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticising some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a ' Song of Bards,' is by his

Lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. 'What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder; 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Otihona. He was,' etc. After detaining this 'brown chief' some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to 'raise his fair locks;' then to 'spread them on the arch of the rainbow;' and 'to smile through the tears of the storm.' Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they should 'use it as not abusing it;' and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) of being 'an infant bard,'—('The artless Helicon I boast is youth;')—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, 'he certainly had no intention of inserting it,' but really 'the particular request of some friends,' etc. etc. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, 'the last and youngest of a noble line.' There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his

volume to immortalize his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called *Granta*, we have the following magnificent stanzas :

* There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

Who reads false quantities in *Sele*,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous latin doom'd to wrangle :

Renouncing every pleasing page
From authors of historic use,
Preferring to the letter'd sage
The square of the hypotenuse.

Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent.

p. 123, 124, 125.

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college Psalmody as is contained in the following Attic tanzas.

* Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended ;
In furious mood he would have tore 'em !"

p. 126, 127.

But whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content ; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus ; he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets ; and ' though he once roved a careless mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland, ' he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication ; and, whether it succeeds or not, ' it is highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits hereafter, ' that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice ? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this Lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but ' has the sway ' of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful ; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.





MAY 9 1892

Widener Library

002871465



3 2044 086 784 840